

HEALTH & EFFICIENCY

**H&E**

# *Naturists' holiday panorama—Agde*

A quarterly holiday guide for the genuine Naturist.

4/-









# ***Naturists' holiday panorama - Agde***

**Vol. 1 No. 1**

Edited by  
Leslie Bainbridge

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## **EDITORIAL**

To the many thousands of naturists who rely upon Health and Efficiency monthly and its quarterly publications to keep them well informed, **NATURISTS HOLIDAY PANORAMA** will complete the cycle of quarterly publication under the H. & E. banner.

As your Editor I have been increasingly aware of the need to keep naturists well informed about the growth of naturist camps outside the British Isles, and **NATURISTS' HOLIDAY PANORAMA** will do just that.

The army of naturists determined to enjoy their holidays in the sun grows. And the desire to practise nudism without the aggravation of petty restriction turns the thoughts of the genuine naturist holiday maker towards the Continent.

Free beaches, blue skies, and warm seas are the attraction, and it isn't long before the British Naturist begins to yearn for holidays where the sun is not cloud obscured and the beaches aren't coldly wet from long periods of rain.

Naturists are beginning to move South for holidays in large numbers, and **NATURISTS' HOLIDAY PANORAMA** is published to serve their needs.

Each quarterly edition of **NATURISTS' HOLIDAY PANORAMA** will devote itself exclusively to a thorough survey of one camp. It will provide advice for the new naturist holiday maker, it will contain up to date information for the practised, it will always seek to serve the genuine naturist.

This quarter we review Agde, and for those who have never visited this famous camp, we can endorse the tremendous popularity it enjoys.

If this edition of Health and Efficiency quarterly publication encourages naturists with any doubts about holiday making on the Continent to settle for Agde, then it will have served its purpose.

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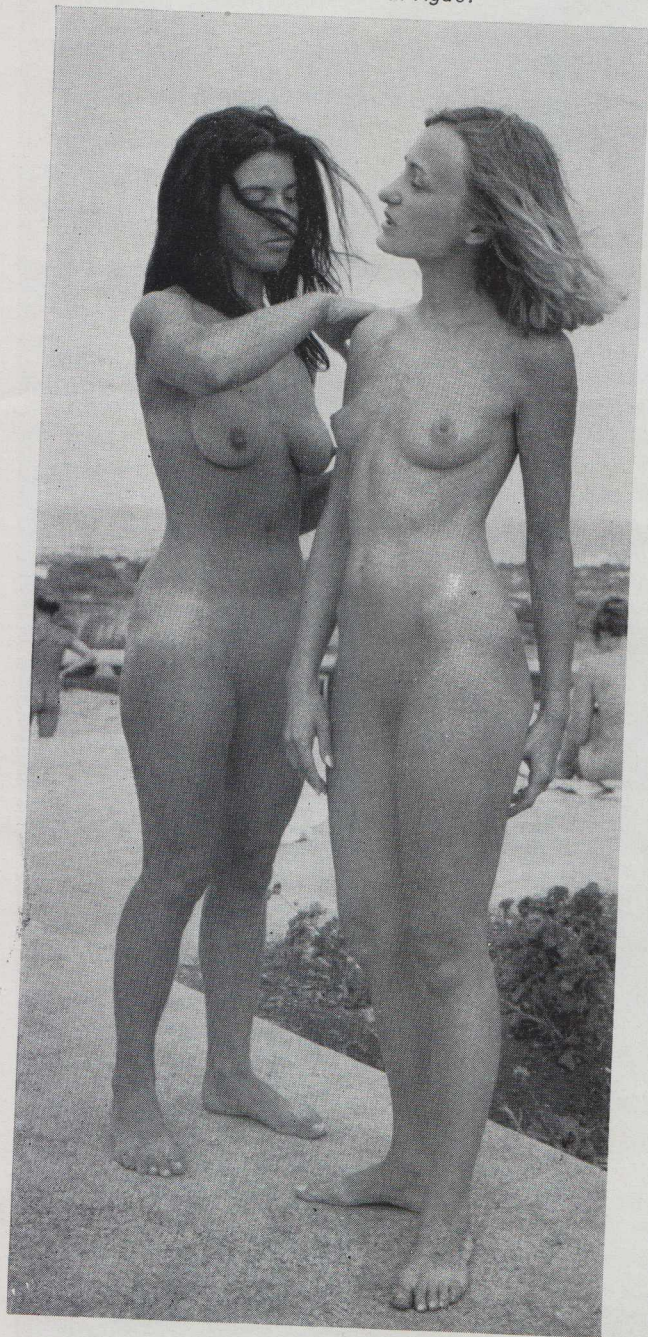




# ***The British Naturist explores the Continent***

By Ray Hockridge

*Sun burn lotion, an essential aid at Agde.*



History has proved the British to be inveterate travellers. Seeming to be so much part and parcel of his restless spirit the Briton it appeared, was predestined to set out from his Island home and seek adventure and riches in foreign climes. But how true was this of every native born son? Those in positions of authority certainly carried the flag to exotic lands where in time by dint of their own persuasion, or conviction, they developed the outposts of Empire.

But those not so socially placed as the administrators and more from economic pressure than by choice, merely followed in their masters' train to staff and maintain the outposts. Although their service in an overseas cause may have extended over many years in armed force or mission, they never became entirely enamoured of their environment, and when the call of duty was stilled they returned, with glad cries, to retire to their own hearth and home. In fact the Briton was and probably, is still insular by nature. Which makes it all the more remarkable that despite his resistance to foreign influences, he, travels, in ever increasing numbers, far afield for his holidays.

The break through quite clearly started with the First World War. Long years away in overseas territories, making common cause with his foreign hosts, enabled the Briton - perhaps for the first time - to take stock of his surroundings with less of the jaundiced view, which would have been the case had his enforced sojourn been brought about by reason of personal agrandisement. Environments which previously would have been dismissed as so many places of heat and flies and filth were now being equated with warmth and comfort and local colour.

At the outset of World War Two, the natives of these Islands had already become seasoned travellers of the Continent. Only the exigencies of economy and the paucity of travel facilities prevented him from extending his holiday range much beyond the South of France. The appetite for the warm and humid flesh pots whetted by the First World War was, with the Second, aggravated into a gnawing hunger.

The piping days of peace and the affluence that followed in its wake has spread the hunger in varying degrees over all sections of the populace. No longer is it the privilege of only a certain class to make the grand tour. The English milord can now be counted among the lowly and as long as he is able to pay the price of a Continental holiday he is welcomed. To a people becoming more and more aware of the significance of a status symbol, the holiday abroad ranks high and the badge of



its indulgence is the Mediterranean sun-tan. So it is South and always South that the migrating Briton travels. Not to absorb the lore and the culture of the foreigner particularly, but to share a little of his sun and thus enable him to return and bask in suburban triumph.

Out of the welter of the status hungry has emerged a species of tan seeker whose devotion extends beyond that of symbols and borders on the worship of the sun. These are the nudists whose reason for being depends so much - at least in the initial stages of their understanding and that of their lay brethren - on their involvement in the basic elements of nature.

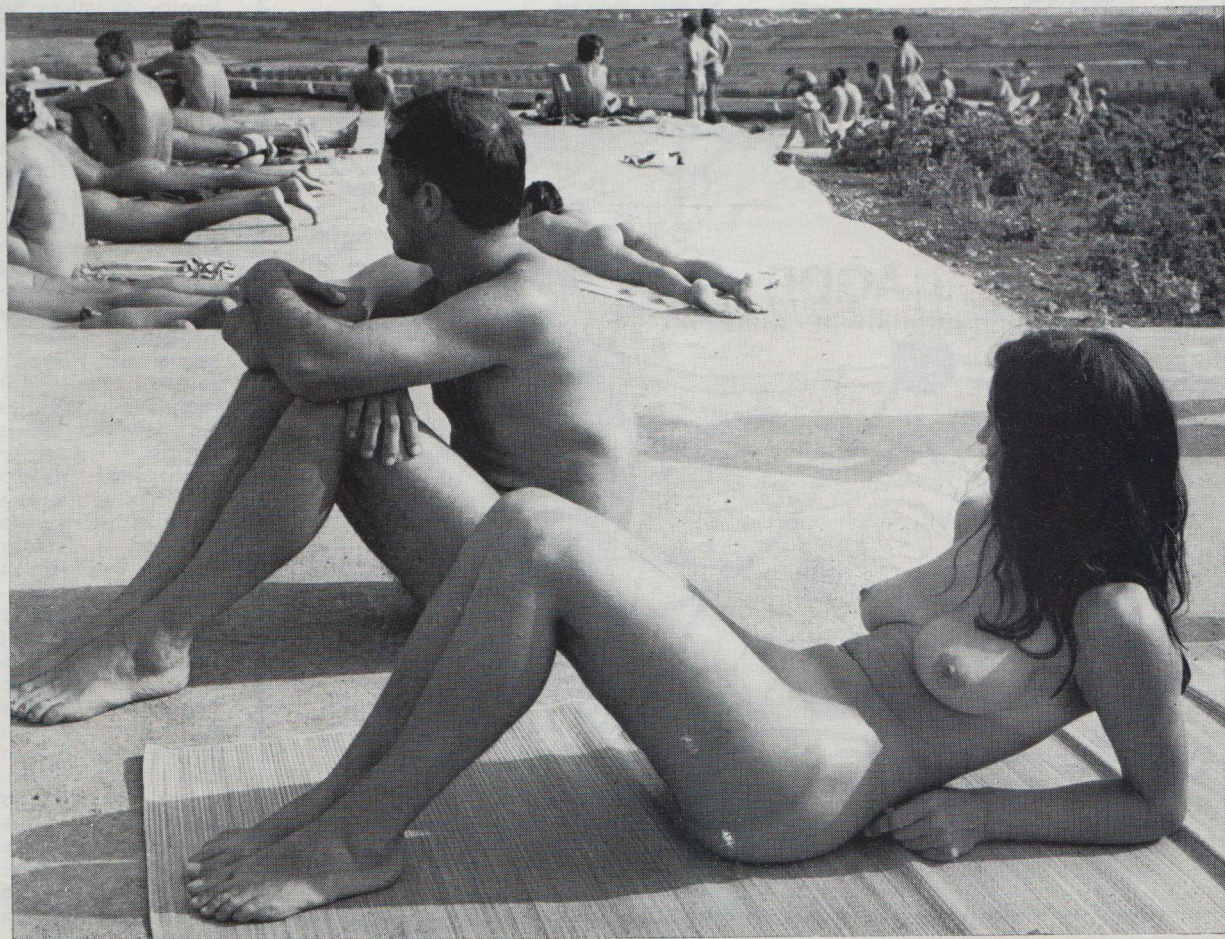
We are no longer faced with a swash buckling, rampaging, Briton seeking piratical adventure abroad but a gypsy who with bagged tent and caravan, crowds the exits of his own land for his fortnightly love-feast with the sun.

Naturally enough sun worshipping to a ritualistic pattern creates a demand for private sanctuaries of nudist living and fortunately suppliers, within the ranks of the fraternity, have provided the means in enclaves dotted along the coasts of France and Germany. Once upon a time it was de rigueur to rough it in the nudist context, but with the passing of time the image of

healthful living that nudists tended to present has given way to a more intelligent and less neurotic interest in simply enjoying a holiday in sophisticated terms with the advantage of nudity as a bonus. We thus have resorts such as Agde, Montalivet and l'Île du Levant, which take great pains to provide every amenity to the holiday maker. The resorts are developed along the lines of a small township and every effort is made to ensure that the holiday maker is at home. With communal nudity, no where is this essential aspect of holiday making better emphasised.

It is sometimes a little tiresome to harp on the subject of universal brotherhood but generally all those who have experienced the nudist way of life in a communal setting are agreed that fraternal feeling is a factor which is very much in evidence. This is not to be wondered at when it is considered that the human spirit would be hard put to becoming alienated to so elemental a condition as nudity. Nudist holiday making therefore is here to stay and one may go so far as to say that it is likely to be very much the "in" thing in a few years' time. Perhaps we who have already sampled its delights may be forgiven for preening ourselves for having been so many years in advance of our time.

*And after the lotion long periods of sun bathing.*





# Agde - How to get there

Familiarising yourself with the route avoids travel aggravation.

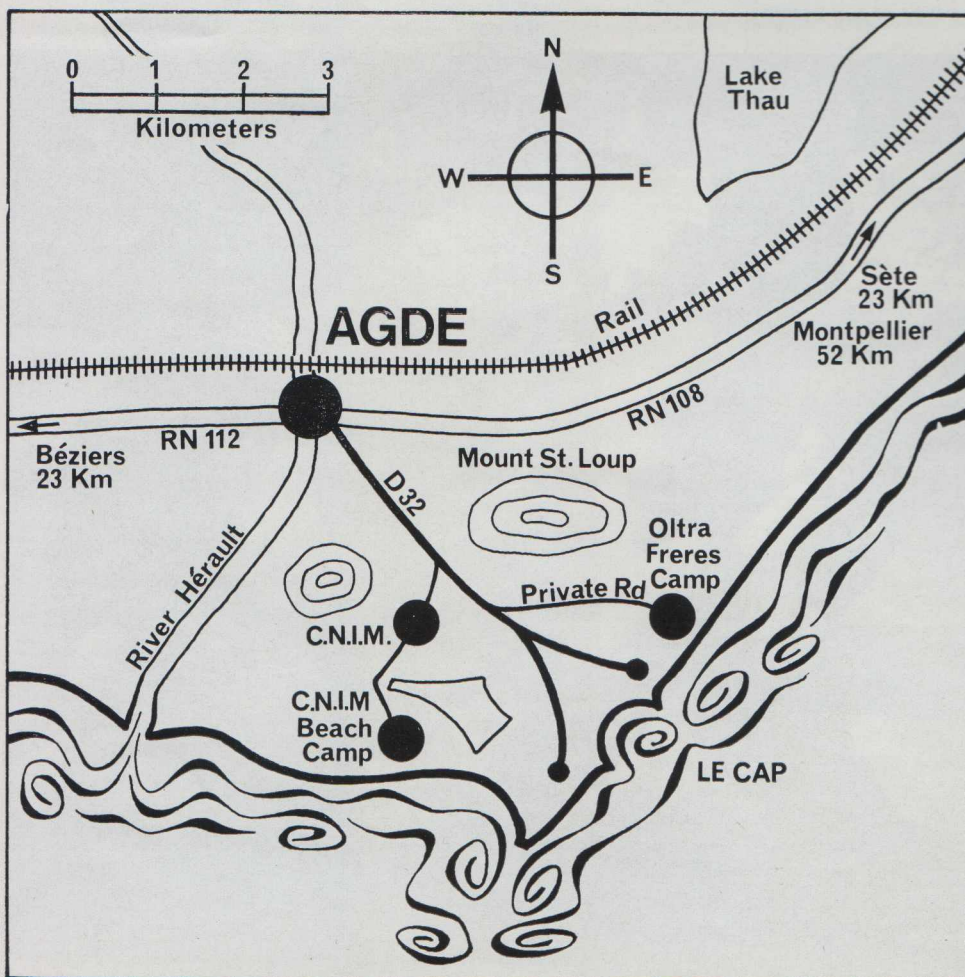
by Murray James

BY ROAD. Across the channel of course to any of the usual ports. Go via Paris if you wish and get onto any of the main routes to the south. For instance Paris, Fontainebleau, Nevers, Clermont Ferrand, Beziers, Agde. If you have time to spare you could take the Southampton Cherbourg route—an overnight run—and travel down the Atlantic coast stopping in at Montlievet if you wish and then across France via Bordeaux, Pau, Tarbes to Carcassone and Beziers. This is a fascinating route along the foothills of the Pyrenees but rather a long way round.

In France you usually have the option of taking a fast

direct route or wandering along minor roads and still arriving at the same destination.

Whatever route you take you will probably arrive at Beziers or Montpellier. To reach Agde from Beziers you take the road labelled R.N.112, to reach Agde from Montpellier take the R.N.108. Arriving at Agde you watch for signs directing you to Le Cap or road number D.32. Once on the D.32 you cannot go wrong. You come first to the large sign of the CNIM and its entrance on your right. A few hundred yards further on and on your left you will find the Oltra Freres sign and road.

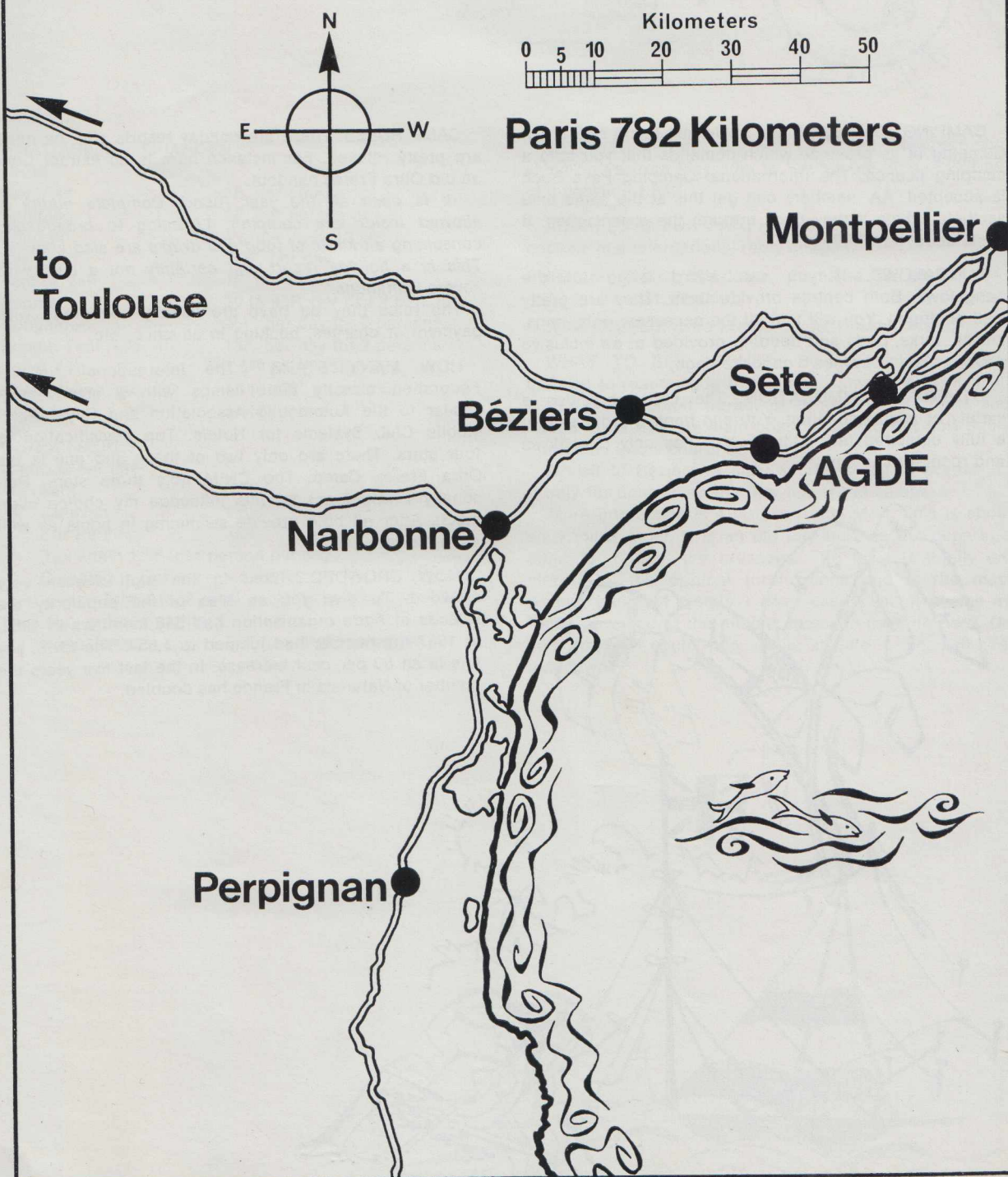


BY RAIL. There is no need to give lengthy directions on how to get to Agde by rail. You simply book your ticket and leave the rest to British Rail and the SNCF. Arriving at Agde station you will have to take a taxi.

HOW TO GET IN. English Naturists get their International passports through the Central Council for British Naturism. This is best. However anyone can visit these camps. You do not need to be a Naturist. However much some people may deplore the fact you can arrange to pay for a holiday camping passport at the camps themselves. This is valid for one month. But please note that this does not apply to single men. Couples only. Yes, even in France. The French justify this temporary passport as publicity for the movement, and, in its way I suppose it is little different to the system adopted in some English Clubs.



## ***The French coast near Agde***





# How much will your Agde holiday cost?

**CAMPING.** The department of Hérault has a rule about Camping in its province which demands that you hold a camping licence. The International Camping Pass Book is accepted. AA members can get this at the same time as their tickets if they book through the organisation. It costs about ten shillings.

**BUNGALOWS.** If you can afford it-go for the bungalows. Both centres provide them. They are pretty well equipped. You will find all the necessary pots, pans, knives, forks, beds and bedding provided at an inclusive charge. See "Charges" opposite page.

**OTHER ACCOMMODATION.** The CNIM provides a variety of accommodation. You can book a room or hire a fully equipped tent. Oltra Freres has only bungalows and room for camping.

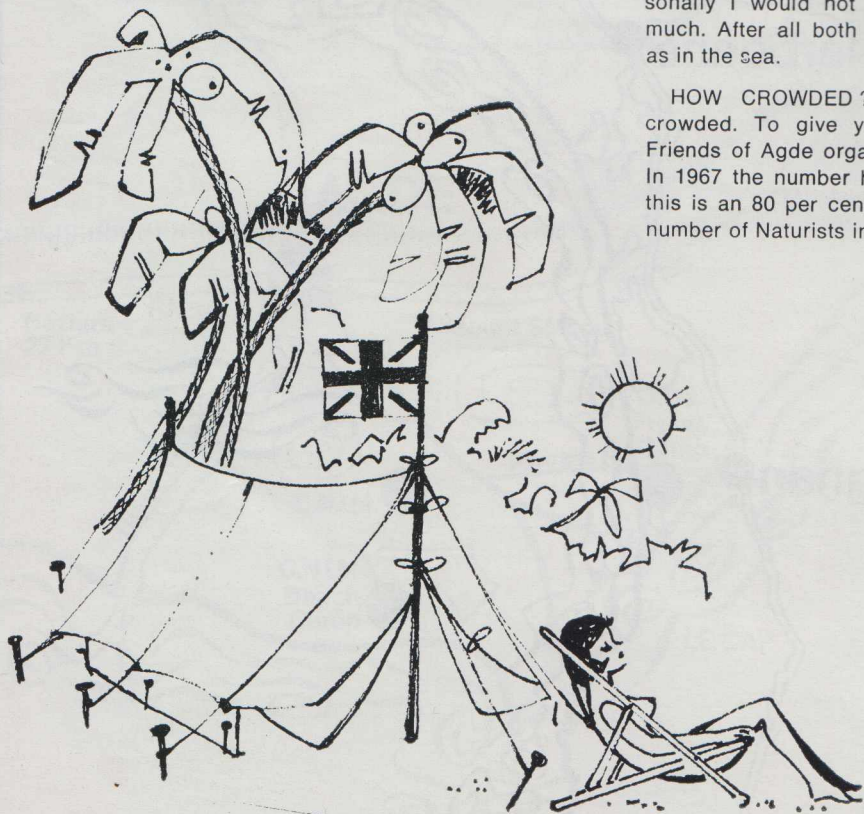
**CAMP RULES.** These are holiday resorts and the rules are pretty relaxed. For instance here is an extract from an old Oltra Freres handout.

*'It is open all the year round. Complete nudity is allowed inside the camping. Listening to broadcasts, consuming all kinds of food and drinks are also allowed. This is a holiday resort and certainly not a club with severe limitations.'*

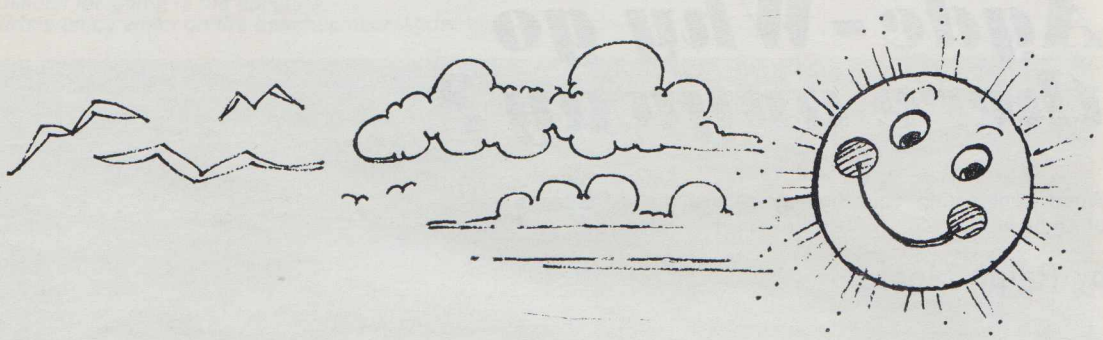
The rules they do have are usually concerned with payment of charges, booking in advance, etc.

**HOW MANY STARS?** The International Naturist Federation classify their camps with a star system similar to the Automobile Association and Royal Automobile Club Systems for Hotels. Top classification is four stars. There are only two of these and one is the Oltra Freres Camp. The CNIM gets three stars. Personally I would not let this influence my choice over-much. After all both provide swimming in pools as well as in the sea.

**HOW CROWDED?** Well in the high season-very crowded. To give you an idea of the popularity the Friends of Agde organisation had 546 members in 1966. In 1967 the number had jumped to 1,654. The I.N.F. say this is an 80 per cent increase. In the last five years the number of Naturists in France has doubled.







#### WHAT ARE THE CHARGES ?

##### CNIM

Day Visit	5F. per couple.
Camping	2F. per person day.
Children	$\frac{1}{2}$ price up to 10 years.
Car	.50F. per day.
Tent or Van	1F. per day.
Rooms	30 to 35F. per day 2 persons.
Bungalows	25F. per day for 2 persons.
Equipt. Tent Hire	13F. per day for 2 persons.
Local Tax	1.5F. per person/day.
Meals (wine inc.)	10 to 12F. plus service.
Breakfast	3.50F.

##### OLTRA FRERES

##### Charges per day

Tent	.60F.
Caravan	1.50F.
Car Parking	.60F.
Tax again	1.5F. per person per day.
Sleeping in Car	4.50F. for two.

In June, July and August there is a minimum charge for a stay of three nights.

Bungalows	20F. per night (must be reserved).
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**WEATHER.** Hot and dry with sea breeze. Average sunshine hours from May 30th to September 30th, 1,220 out of a possible 1,640.

**ADDRESSES FOR PAMPHLETS.** In both cases please enclose one international reply coupon.

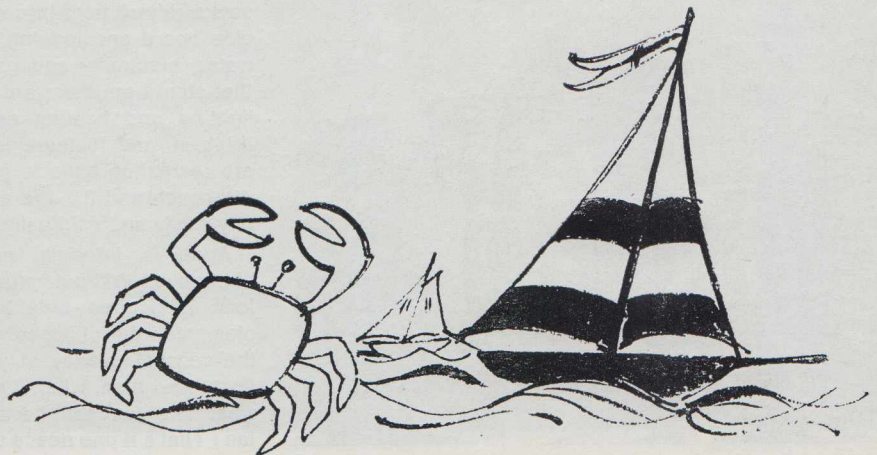
**CNIM.** M. Pierre Malafosse, Domaine St. Martin, 34 - Agde, Herault, France.

**OLTRA FRERES.** Oltra Freres, Agde, Herault, France.

**WHAT TO SEE AROUND.** By car it takes twenty minutes to reach Agde from either camp. The town itself is no great tourist attraction. It is a small town and quaint in its way. Its main boast is an old fort now sadly converted into a church.

A visit to Beziers, a busy southern city is worthwhile if only for contrast to the lazy life of the camps.

More interesting is a visit to Aigue Mort. This is about sixty miles away. It is an old city built as the departure point for one of the crusades. The town is totally enclosed by the original fortifications and is the most perfect piece of history I have ever seen. It seems as though a piece of the middle ages still lives on here. On your way you could stop awhile at Sete, a pleasant sea-side town.





# Agde - Why go there anyway?

When considering your holiday assess the advantages of Agde.

by Ralph Mears

Think of a holiday and your average Briton is prone to visualise a desert island with swaying palms and blue lagoons, and, if he has not forgotten to take his discs with him, the air heavy with exotic strains of 'Sleepy Lagoon'. But there are limitations. For one thing, there are not many desert islands going spare these days. So, what do you do? You plump for the next best thing. The Continent, it seems, provides the answer.

It is difficult at first sight, to appreciate why this should be so. For surely one's own domain should provide happy stomping ground enough. Ask the Americans, they'll tell you! After all we have some decided advantages: there is no difficulty with the language; the diet is likely to be consistently the same as that provided in one's own home, and consequently less risk of stomach upsets. And above all, things being what they are with our national economy sporting an unhealthy shade of red, imagine all that lovely lolly being lavished around on foreigners! The mind boggles. But one cannot suppress the wanderlust and we, in these islands, appear to have been given more than a small measure of it. Then of course, there is all this talk about the weather. To listen to some people, one would think that we lived in an Arctic Hell for the greater part of the year - and

this is not laying it on thick! My personal view is that its vagaries are much exaggerated, but however prejudiced one may be in favour of one's own homeland, warts and all, it must be grudgingly admitted that island influences just do not help to keep our weather stable over any appreciable length of time. This is where the Continent comes in. With all that land mass backing it, you can, be reasonably certain that in the bourgeois fortnight abroad, you will be able to get at least a week's sunshine. And that's not to be sneezed at.

So it is to the Continent that the migrating Briton goes. Perhaps to the Costa Brava, or Cote d'Azur or may be just a small place in the sun at the Club Mediterannee habitation at Tangiers. But for our book, we have no cause to be vague. We as naturists can be positive as to where we want to go. We know of a place - Agde on the Southern Mediterranean coast of France; a place which is fast becoming a Mecca for sun lovers. This thriving little market town was once a Roman fortress, its ancient walls and battlements bear witness to this fact. Today it has all the character of the typical French provincial town, with its rickety winding, cobbled streets and the inevitable war memorial with Marianne and her revolutionary chapeau placed proudly atop the pedestal; the bustling ferment of a market place, with its neat arrays of colourful farm produce vying for precedence with the colourful umbrellas. And alongside? Well, some 2 km. away - Voila! the nudist sanctuary, dominated by its resorts. Two, no less, fat and well upholstered; with their sun and gentle sea and miles of sand dune crested beaches; to dig your toes into; to loll in and perchance to dream in. Where, the flesh, forever weak, seeks refreshment in creature comforts. The resorts provide board and lodging in camp site or chalet. Running water, electricity and gas is laid on, and the amenities that stem from them are on hand; hot and cold showers, lighting and heating and cooking. There are bars to drink in, and restaurants to wait to be served in. There are recreation halls to recreate in. And, overall, there is the beach and the sea and the sun to be reborn in - both physically and spiritually.

Agde is freedom, naked freedom. Without let or hindrance. Without prudery or prejudice. Your naked form is dogged - only by the sun! These then are its elements: the philosophy and the chance to express it; the sensual overlay of warmth and the luxury of naked flesh. And then, when it's all over and you get back, look what fun you can have explaining away your all-over tan! That's if one needs to explain it away!





*One of the reasons for going is the absolute freedom naturists enjoy when on the beaches near Agde.*







*The water is wet anywhere, but who cares when the sun is warm and the skies are unclouded blue ?*

*Is it a dinghy on its stern or a new type individual beach chalet ?  
Whatever, it makes a nice posing place for this attractive holiday maker.*







*There's always time to sit and enjoy a cool breeze as it bends the tall heads of grass near the foreshore.*





"That's a nice spot she's chosen.  
Hey, I'll be up to join you in  
a moment."





# **Cnim - Black pearl of the Mediterranean**

By James Grieve

Do Naturists resorts tend to group together? Do they seek the shelter of each others company? Or do they just seek to share each others success...?

Whatever the cause, in France at least, this grouping is very evident. There are the well known pair of camps on the Ardeche river - Madelaine and La Chataigneraie. And now, following the success of the Oltra Brothers with their Bungolaw - Camping resort at Agde, we have right beside it, the C.N.I.M. "Centre Naturiste International de la Mediterranee".

Driving from the town of Agde to Cap D'Agde on the departmental road No. 32 you first of all arrive at a clearing on the right hand side with a huge sign telling you that this is it - and from the size of the sign you could easily believe that this is the Naturist centre of the world. But only a few hundred yards down the road and a much more modest sign directs you to the left and the older camp of the Oltra brothers.

In France it is a pretty safe rule to judge the quality of a Naturist resort by the roughness of its approach road. The rougher the approach the better the resort. The Oltra Freres keep up the tradition but the CNIM will have none of it. Their approach road is smooth, easy and short. You pass down an avenue of trees and shortly arrive at a big old rambling house. There is an air of faded elegance about these buildings. The entrance gates are huge wrought iron affairs and the courtyard beyond has a grace of its own. At first you might think you were approaching a farm building, but the white painted and elegant pillars in the courtyard make you wonder. Of course a queer looking duck sits under the elegant arches and hens scratch in the straw, but still...

The reception room is small, cool almost clinical in appearance. In contrast the vivacious receptionist glows with charm and sophistication. Her French is so poised, clear and precise that suddenly you believe that at last you can understand every word. Her hands move descriptively "There," she says and both hands descend almost to the floor, "you will find the beach camp, and up on the hill" - the hands rise almost to the ceiling, "there is a large swimming pool." The arms describe a wide arc and seem to fill the room.

We followed the instructions and wandered out. At first we visited "The Park." This was truly beautiful. It was more like an informal garden than a park. Paths ran through the trees and flowers. The scent of pine trees hung heavy on the air. Again there was this feeling that this was not a wild wood but a one time gracious garden.

Tents were scattered here and there under the trees and near the end of the wood surrounded by trees and flowers lay a beautiful oval shaped pool. The Childrens Pool the receptionist had called it, but it was quite large enough for adults to swim in.

Back in the courtyard we wandered into the Bar cum Restaurant. This long narrow room with its high ceiling and white washed walls was cool and clean. The walls were brightened with a decorative motive formed from old horse collars. The Bar at one end was the usual bamboo affair with a large sign beside it. "Service non compris" it said. We left.

Behind the buildings and about five minutes walk away we could see what appeared to be a large water tank on top of a hill. We climbed up towards it. We soon saw that this was some kind of fortification obviously a remnant of World War II. And then suddenly and surprisingly a magnificent swimming pool. One could not help thinking of all the toil and effort some group of German soldiers must have put into the building of this pool, high on a hill overlooking the distant sea.

From this hill we could look down onto the marshes below.

Beyond the marshes we could see the beach and the other part of the CNIM camp. This was the beach part of the camp connected to the main camp by a rough private road. From here a short stroll across dunes brought you to the waters edge.

As we drove out through the avenue we could not help being amazed at the difference between the two camps. One the Oltra brothers a seaside holiday camp, the other - the CNIM - a combination of seaside and country with the country dominant we thought, and strangely presided over by ghosts of the past.

It would be hard to say which of the two camps provides the better holiday. One can argue that the CNIM offers more variety than the Oltra Freres in that you can choose country or beach. But really the two parts of the CNIM are so far apart it is likely that you would choose to live in one or the other most of the time.

A possible solution to the dilemma could be to stay at the CNIM and if you felt inclined to pay day visits to the Oltra Freres camp.

Thus, at a cost, you could have the best of both worlds.



On the D.32 from Agde, this sign will tell you that you  
are among the friends of intercontinental naturism.

# CAMPING NATURISTES

CENTRE

NATURISTE INTERNATIONAL  
DE LA MEDITERRANEE

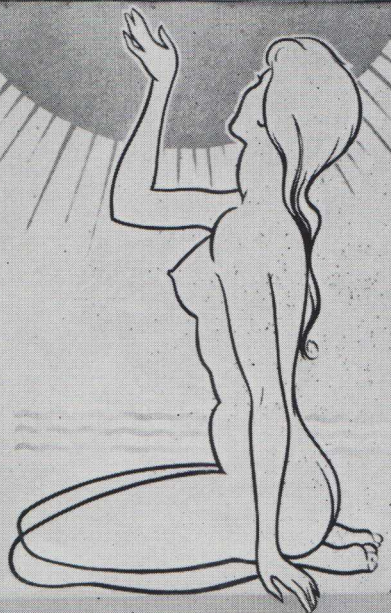
INF • FFN • CCF

**cnim**

*Le plus grand et le mieux organisé en Europe.*

*The greatest and the best organised in Europe.*

*Der größte und der best organisierte in Europa.*



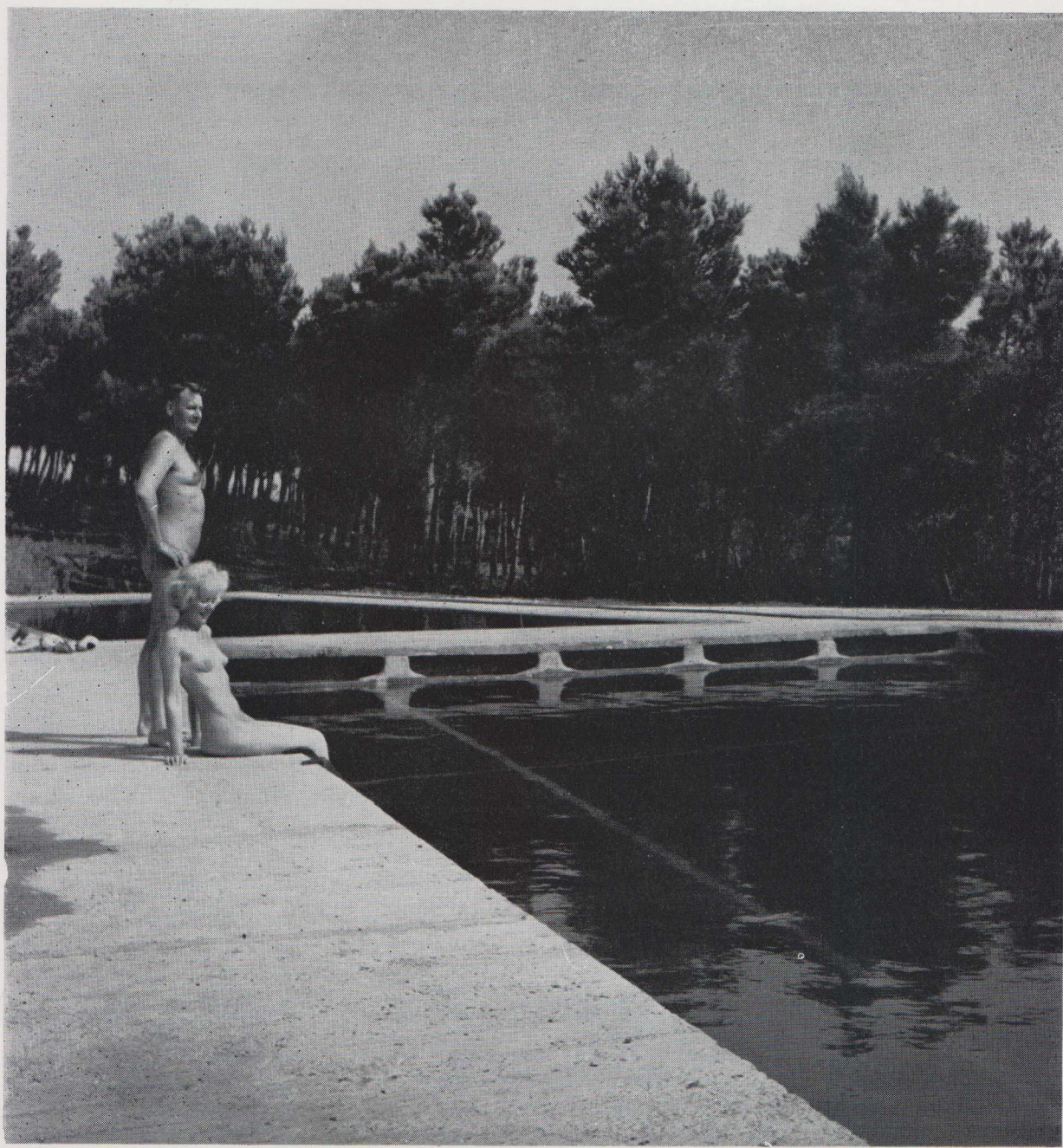


On the left, the view of the pool high on a hill within the CNIM camping area.

A view of the immense pool high on a hill within the CNIM camping area.

# Black pearl of the Mediterranean

By James Clave





*The entrance gates are huge wrought iron affairs, and the courtyard beyond has a grace of its own.*





# ***One day at Chez les Freres Oltra-Agde***

By James Grieve

It's all very gay and carefree and when everyone is in a holiday mood, it's not long before friendships start.

It can rain - even in Agde. For three days we sulked in our chalet named Ginette and watched sullen skies and soaked sand.

A frog appeared in the middle of the floor. "Too wet - even for the frogs," said Joan as she picked up the broom. But just as she swept it to the door a loud speaker blared over the camp. It announced in excited tones that the rain had passed and that tomorrow would be sunny.

And it was. People came out to stare. The birds arranged themselves on telegraph wires like so much washing put out to dry. People crowded on top of the water tower and scanned the horizon. The tent dwellers, confined for days emerged to blink in the sun. Children leapt naked and free. To Naturists there is no joy to match the joy of sun after rain.

It was the same in "Meerstrasse" and "Beach Street" and "Place du Marche Commun" and "Rambla de la Flores". Even the "Avenue des Champs Elyses" looked proudly around. Shortly the trek to the beach began. Through the bamboo gate with its sign in three languages "Minimum obligatoire pour aller a la plage" and a short walk across the sand dunes to the plage.

We were surprised at first to note that in spite of the multi-lingual warning no one wore a minimum either walking to the beach, or in the sea. But we were only surprised for a moment, for when we saw the extent of this beach it was easy to understand. In a northerly direction it appears that the beach runs without a break as far as Sete some fifteen miles away. In a southerly direction there is a mile or two of sand before the next settlement at Cap D'Agde. In these circumstances the Naturists are hardly likely to offend anyone who was not specifically seeking to be offended. This is particularly true for access to the beach from the only nearby road can only be obtained by going through the camp. To cross the open country is likely to end in disaster as the land is mostly marsh.

On the beach itself quite a crowd of Naturists were already mucking around in boats or splashing in the water. The sea was cool, but not cold and a light breeze threw up a small line of breakers. The volley ball court had attracted the usual fanatics. Some youngsters had improvised a jumping contest. Some middle aged visitors

who obviously had not exercised for years seemed suddenly to find a new interest in back bends and physical jerks.

Back at the camp for lunch we called in at the shop. The girl on duty was gorgeous and as agile as a monkey. You see, one wall of the shop has rows and rows of shelving which run almost to the ceiling. If you order something off the higher shelves - a shelf well out of reach - this glamorous creature will literally run up that wall to get the goods. Order something a few yards to the right or left and she will spider her way back and forth. All totally nude. There was one young man who seemed to appreciate this display of naked beauty spinning around overhead just as much as I did. But being considerably brighter than me he was able to spark off the performance.

He would enter the shop, walk up to the girl and order something off the top shelf. Up would go the girl like an elegant helicopter. Then it was something down a few shelves and to the right. Then up again to the left and so on and on. It cost him a lot but from the look of appreciation on his face I gathered he was happy to pay just for the performance.

Back on the beach in the afternoon we witnessed an amusing scene. An unaccustomed crowd has assembled at the far end of the beach reserved for Naturists - just outside the markers. They all looked the same, in fact they were all dressed the same and they were all young men. Then we remembered there was an army detachment exercising nearby. About thirty of them had come down for a swim. Suddenly two young men shot out from the crowd and joined the swimming Naturists. A few more followed, but the majority were too nervous to do anything but stand and stare.

Those few who did join the swimming Naturists obviously enjoyed their experience immensely. It must be said that their youth and strength and activity added a welcome note to the somewhat middle aged group of holiday lazy Naturists. As it happened they were doubly welcome. A young girl Naturist got out of her depth and was swiftly in trouble. The one day Naturist Army executed a remarkably swift and efficient rescue.

It was only later that day as we watched the young girl twisting happily in the Restaurant that I began to wonder whether she really had been in trouble.

The restaurant along with the bar supplies most of the entertainment in the evening. And although you are in France you could be forgiven for thinking you were in



"Who's going to help me get this thing  
into the water?"





Germany. In the bar the woman who served us could speak only German - no English, or even French. All the magazines scattered around were German, all the people were German, well nearly all.

To finish here is a story I heard in that bar. It appears that one day to everyones surprise a man sized mosquito walked into the bar and demanded a "Bloody Mary". The bar maid served him. "How much?" demanded the Mosquitoe. The bar maid seeing he was a

stranger tried it on. "One thousand Francs", she replied. He paid and had a couple more "Bloody Marys". Suddenly the Mosquitoe banged down his glass and demanded to be told why everyone was staring at him. The barmaid said, "well, you see, we don't see many of you in here - your friends all stay outside". Replied the Mosquitoe "At these prices it's no wonder!"

Not very funny but there is a moral. There are Mosquitoes at Agde, and the prices are high.

*"Well, I'm in the boat, but where's the crew?"*





*"So far as I can remember,  
he said it's called a rudder,  
though I'm not quite sure  
what you do with it."*











*" Who wants to mess about with boats when you can have a nice cooling shower ? "*











*Stop fiddling around  
over there.*





Who wants to play ball  
when the tide's  
coming in.





# *In caravan or tent*

*A great road making enterprise is going on in the  
Common Market Countries - and all routes lead South to  
the Sun.*

By Henry Berney

What has Europe to offer the British camper, caravanner and touring motorist? A great deal it would seem, for 1968 is likely to prove a vintage year. Because of the severity of the currency regulations the roads and camping grounds of Europe will be a haven to the many thousands of new English tourists seeking an alternative to the luxury holiday abroad.

Let us forget for a moment the star attraction - the settled weather - and concentrate on the less apparent attraction of the growing network of first class highways stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean with a rash of service, catering and motel facilities. In recent years, the Common Market countries have made great strides towards the completion of a system of international highways all of which appear to lead South to the Sun. By the end of the century they will connect the North Cape to the golden shores of Spain, Italy and the Mediterranean. Many of these roads or substantial parts of them, are already in being. They offer the British motorist rapid transit from the Channel coast to all places South.

Generally similar to the British motorway system the linked European highways are constructed to high standards and their regular vehicle service facilities, catering and motels would meet every requirement. Coupled with this are the thousands of organised and lavishly equipped sites for caravan and tent offered by their owners as bait to the itinerant Briton.

The European camping sites being as highly developed as they are, offer a wide range of facilities including first class toilet, and washing facilities, showers and bathrooms, self-service restaurants, extensive shopping facilities where one may purchase groceries, motor accessories, camping gear and obtain tour and travel information. Many sites have offices of concessionaires for large travel agencies.

The 1968 Summer season will find the cross channel motorist served by the widest selection of shipping services yet made available. During the past year, new services have been implemented offering fast direct routes to the sun, obviating the previous tedious journey through Northern France. The Thoreson Line services from Southampton to Cherbourg and Le Havre, the Normandy Ferries service between Southampton and Le Havre, and the new British Rail service between Newhaven and Dieppe are examples of the alternatives now offered to the long established routes radiating from Dover and Folkestone.

Approximately 500 miles south of the Cherbourg

Peninsular served by both Cherbourg and Le Havre is the world famous naturist resort of Montalivet on the French Atlantic coast. Located due west of Bordeaux on a unique 370 acre level site with its own two mile beach of sand and dunes, Montalivet offers the camper and caravanner alike every facility for a unique all inclusive holiday of whatever length desired. Montalivet's varied facilities include retail shops of every type and description: hairdressers, restaurants, supermarkets and even an antique shop. It is possible to spend weeks on the centre without the necessity to move out at all. The resort takes its name from the seaside village of Montalivet-le-Bains.

About 200 miles to the south of Montalivet and an easy day's drive from the centre is the renowned naturist haven of Agde. It takes its name from Cap d'Agde on the Mediterranean coast, west of Marseilles. As will be seen elsewhere in the magazine there are two well known resorts providing camping areas which are operated commercially and offering every facility. When going south in quest of the sun, the N.7 (Route Nationale) motor road is recommended for travel across France, and the greater distances thus travelled will not appear unduly alarming. This major highway from Paris to the Mediterranean, is well served by camping areas of all sizes and descriptions. It is the main route from Paris to the South East and is the traditional route of thousands of Europeans travelling South.

In addition to the excellent international highway system that Germany has to offer there are innumerable developed camping sites all over the country from the shores of the Baltic in the North to the beaches of Lake Constance in the South. German camping sites are well planned and organised, well provided with sanitary and washing facilities and clearly sign-posted.

Visitors to camp or caravan sites in Europe will readily obtain all the information they require from the tourist offices representing the countries concerned. France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Greece together with Holland and Belgium maintain large tourist offices in the West End of London and carry a considerable amount of literatures of infinite interest to the camper. The French National Tourist Office in Piccadilly and the German National Tourist Office in Conduit Street, London, W.1 particularly, indicate naturist facilities in their tourist literature. The prospective camper would also be well advised to contact the Camping Club or the Caravan Club of Great Britain who will provide comprehensive literature of material interest.



*If it gets too hot inside the car on the way, well  
camping sites naturists are well signed.*







*If you've got a tent,  
pitch it.*



*And when you've got  
ringlets, they need  
attention, too.*





*Then there's always the odd local inhabitant to arouse your interest.*



# ***Beaches - we all like them***

The incoming tide's soft hissing creep  
Along the foreshore's curving sweep,  
the sun above, the sky azure,  
the salty air so clean and pure.  
I know no other combination  
to give me every relaxation.

*And what more joyful and abandoned relaxation  
could there be than this.*





*As a matter of fact, I think I'll come and join you.*





*Now I wonder why  
she's wearing a hat ?*





*Because I forgot to bring my swimming costume.*





# Paradise at Agde

By Clair Lucien

The South of France in June has an indescribable magic. The heat has not yet withered the brilliant bougainville and delicate roadside oreanders; there's an air of opulence and appreciation of all that's good in life.

For several years my husband and I revelled in a June vacation on the Ile du Lavant, not only as a time of relaxation, unrestricted nudism and mental rest, but as a period during which our pleasure in each other was renewed and revitalised. Then five years ago we arrived on the little ferry from Le Lavendou and were horrified to see a notice outside the straw-roofed quay side store which read: "If you want a model for your nude photography Miss Mimi will oblige. She is experienced in ALL TYPES of poses". Commercialism had arrived on the island with a vengeance. Although we stayed and enjoyed that holiday it was obvious that the former 'simple life' was becoming complicated and commerce ridden. So the following June we made for Agde and discovered a new paradise. This time we took the car and spent a couple of days in Paris on the way, solving the problem of overnight accommodation by making our headquarters the Club du Soleil, which is in the Carrieres sur Seine district.

Once we had penetrated beyond the somewhat reluctant-to-open oak door into an enclosed court yard we were welcomed by Brigitte and Jean Claude, the handsome young couple who run the Club. Our INF passports were credentials enough and we were led to one of the nine bedrooms. It was surprising to find extensive, tent-studded grounds, showers and a swimming pool so close to the capital city. The Club has a bar/restaurant and the bedrooms are comfortable. Members who came in for a swim after work varied in age from 16 year olds to a bearded septuagenarian, but all emanated friendly enthusiasm and joie de vivre. We were reluctant to leave this small community of nudists in what had once been part of an old quarry, but the South called and we took the road to the sun.

We followed the N.7 to Moulins, there joining the N.9 through Clermont Ferrand, St. Flour and Millau. We spent the night at the little town of Lodève where, at 5 in the hot afternoon we witnessed an incident that could only happen unremarked in France - the land which values freedom of the individual more than prudish tradition. We saw a small group of 14 to 15 year old schoolboys discard their clothes and leap into a large basin beneath one of the main square fountains. Brief cases, which French children carry in place of satchels,

and clothes were piled on a handy bench and the lads splashed around unselfconsciously. By-passers hardly spared them a glance; their only reaction being of amusement - certainly not shock or disgust as would have been the case in an English town.

The unpretentious hotel at which we stayed served a magnificent dinner. We began with a selection of sea fresh crudities, went on to Gigot d'Agneau en Croûte (boned leg of baby lamb stuffed with diced kidney, mushrooms, truffle and foie gras and encased in a crust of golden flaky pastry) and rounded off the repast with Omlette soufflé; all mouth watering specialities of the region.

Lulled to sleep by the enchanting perfume of jasmine bushes beneath our window we spent a restful night then made for Seté from which the road runs within sight of the sea to Agde. This area of Southern France, which is about 30 miles north of the Côte Vermeille (running from Collioures to the Spanish frontier) is hotter and drier than the Riviera proper. Its rather stoney vistas are dotted with olive and cypress groves and occasionally we saw farmers tending their vines from which come all luscious Muscat de Frontignan and rich powerful Banyuls wines of the district.

At Agde itself we took road D.32 towards Cape d'Agde. I felt a thrill of anticipation when we spied the big C.N.I.N. sign, then the Oltra Freres board - "Centre Helio Marin".

We had already corresponded with the two Oltra brothers who now greeted us like old friends and gave us a conducted tour of the farm house they have converted into a first class hotel for nudists. It sits neatly on a hill about 20 minutes walk from the sea and is ringed about by garden brilliant with semi-tropical blooms. Pine trees surround the grounds and tents of campers are tucked neatly in their shade. On the peak of the hill is a magnificent swimming pool with glorious views of azure sea merging into equally blue sky on the distant horizon. Below, laid out like a model is the second half of the Nudist Park of Agde, which the Oltra brothers have literally reclaimed from a marsh. Now there are showers, washing facilities and about 100 bungalows. The simple accommodation consists of a bedroom with both double and single beds and well equipped kitchen with table, chairs, gas cooker, ice box and a full compliment of utensils. There is a roofed car port adjoining each unit. The restaurant and bar in the farm house take care of catering facilities for the hotel guests (their bouillabaisse was the best I have ever tasted) and an amazingly well



Agde itself is  
a charming French  
provincial town.

stocked camp shop provides for the bungalow visitors and campers. On several days during our stay we took a picnic to the beach for the pleasure of eating crusty bread, salami and a gastronomic speciality of the region—Roquefort cheese, ripened to the moment of perfec-

tion in the deep cool subterranean caves nearby.

As soon as we had unpacked we made for the wide golden beach. Already there were dozens of naturists enjoying the glorious sunshine. Accent seemed to be on family pleasure and the bronzed children were a joy to watch as they played in the wavelets scalloping the water's edge with white foam.

The sand dunes backing the beach were ideal for basking in solitude and the warm, soft sand caressed our toes in welcome.

We knew that the June sun can be painfully fierce in that province of Languedoc and were glad of the large parasol we had stowed in the car's boot. My doctor husband and the contents of his medical bag were in great demand for treatment of sunburn. But despite a few unwise baskers practically everyone at Agde had acquired a flattering tan within a few days. We both felt positively bursting with health and my husband declared "A holiday here would cure 50 per cent of my patients".

There is no problem about drinking water at Agde, for the Oltras have sunk a bore which produces unlimited supplies of pure, crystal-clear artesian water. There were, unfortunately a few mosquitoes, and I would advise Agde bound visitors to take a supply of fly killer from England. Sprayed in the bedroom at night this ensures peaceful sleep, and seems much more powerful and less noxious smelling than the French brands.

Among the 'young' local wines is a delightful Vin Rosé which agreeably accompanies any dish and the amiable white vin ordinaire, provided it is well chilled, couldn't be bettered as accompaniment to the varied selection of shell fish delicacies served at the hotel restaurant. Pernod, which I find distasteful at home, acquired a new virtue as an aperitif in the heat of Agde and vin blanc Cassin was a favourite pre-lunch cooler.

The days of our holiday sped past in swimming, basking, and sailing (there is a special enrichment of spirit in gliding silently over the water completely naked).

We managed to spare a day from the beach to drive inland to Les Buax de Provence, once the ancient stronghold of the Mediaeval Courts of Love. It is now almost a ghost town, but still possesses an awe inspiring and magical quality of romance.

On the way back to Agde we stopped to buy outsized bottles of a local product for later home use; tarragon, rosemary and aux fines herbes vinegar.

When I think of Agde today, the holiday seems like a glorious dream. Not for nothing has this lively area been called "The Naturist Centre of the World".



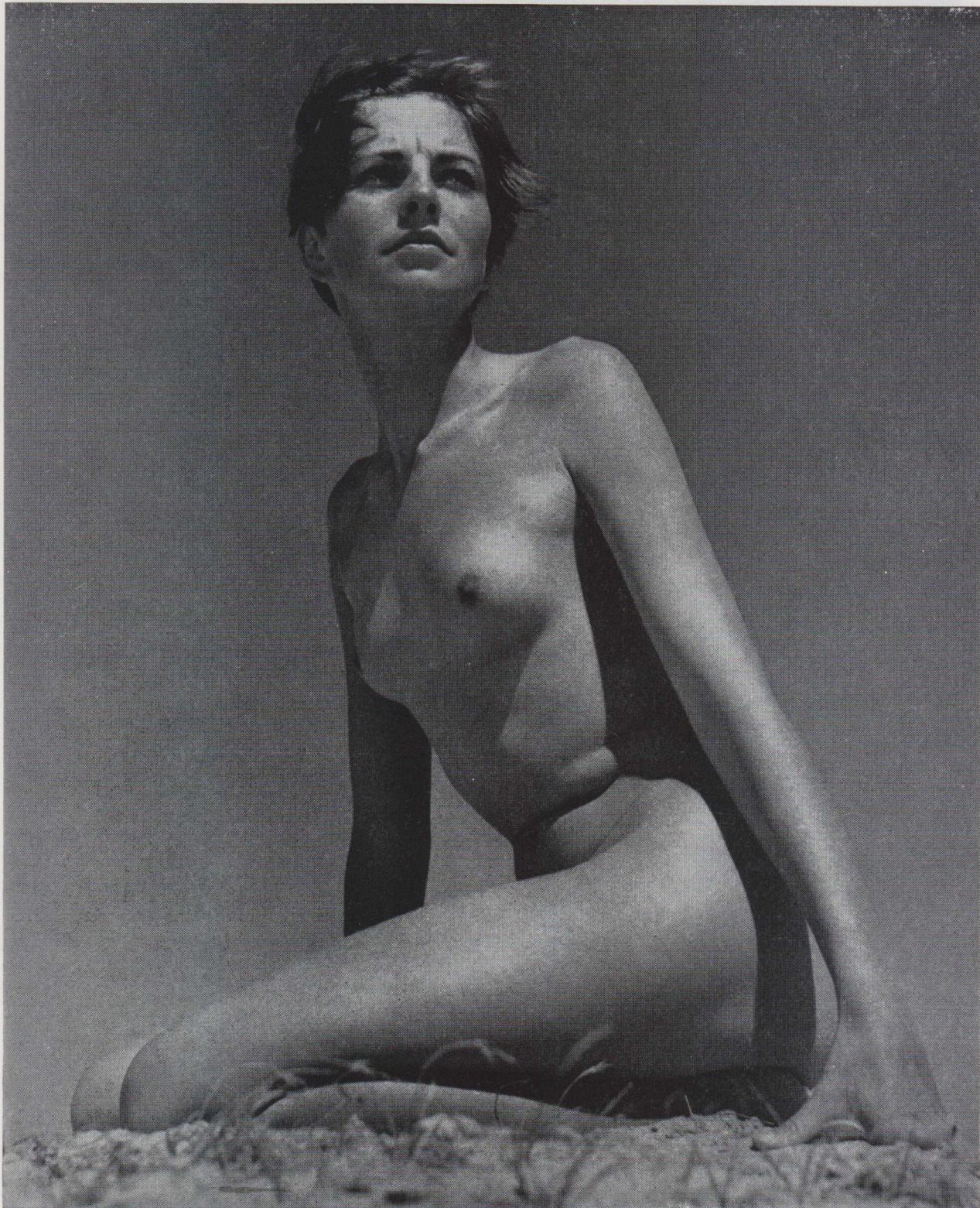






*"Come on lazy bones - stop loafing around  
and join me for a swim."*

*Quizzically, she seems to ask, will I enjoy  
myself at Agde ? The answer is a firm  
"yes". Everyone at Agde is friendly to everyone else.*











*Look it's there.*

*I'm not sure I agree with you.*





*"Let's make the most of it." And with such a charming companion at Agde, who could want to do anything else?*



# *Make the most of it*

The-away-from-it-all attitude and let's have a bustling good time. But a few practical tips on how to enjoy your holiday will enable you to have all the fun you want without petit malaise.

By Wallace Arter

Most of us have, I suppose, dreamed at some time or other of setting off, "foot loose and fancy free", in search of the ideal holiday. And most of us, too, have dreamed of heading for some place where there is freedom, peace and above all warmth and sunshine. And, of course, in these days of comparative affluence and easy travel, many thousands of men, women and families do "go abroad" for their holidays. One has only to glance at the reports of those organisations which record the number of people who pass through the ports and the air-fields to realise that Continental holidays are no longer an adventure, or something which happens once in a life-time.

A considerable number of these holiday-makers do visit Continental nudist resorts and free beaches and many of them have discovered how to "make the best of it" the hard way. The hardened and experienced holiday-maker does not need my advice and it is, in fact, thanks to some of them that I have been put into a position from which I can offer a few hints to the less experienced.

I said above that a Continental holiday is no longer an "adventure", and that is perfectly true if we are thinking of the normal conventional trip to another country. For those who are thinking of visiting a free beach, or one of the nudist resorts, and especially for those who have never before taken part in what we sometimes call "social nudism", this is by no means the case. As any newcomer to the movement knows, even the first visit to a Sun Club at home is a real adventure; combine this with being in a different country, being "away from it all" - and what other word could one apply to this holiday trip with a difference?

One thing has surprised me about the readers of "Health and Efficiency" who have written to tell me of their visits among Continental nudists. So many of them have failed to make the most of their visits because they have not got themselves organised. Naturally, most of them have been inclined to laugh their difficulties off, for the memory of the pleasant side of the trip almost always outweighs the snags. There have been some - just a few - whose holidays have been ruined by their failure to plan the job. I cannot over-stress the importance of the preliminary work, and the thought which should go into this planning.

First of all, decide *where* you are going. This may seem needless advice and yet over and over again I have heard of people who just go blithely off, hoping for the

best; literally footloose and fancy free. This slap-happy approach may be all very fine for the man - or even the woman - on his or her own but for most people it simply will not work out, so make up your mind about your target and then get down to the job of finding out as much as possible about the place, how to get there, and what you can expect to find. What sort of sleeping accommodation, is camping allowed, is there room for caravans - even for cars. Is there a "camp shop" or can you expect to get meals. If you do not care for camping conditions, is there an hotel nearby where you can stay. As important as anything, too, taking into account that even the sun-soaked parts of Europe do have their off days and nights, what is there to do in bad weather, and after dark. Much, perhaps most, of this information can be found in one or other of the "Guides" which are available. Information about particular countries can be obtained from the national associations and about any special resort from those who run them. Remember that it may be some time before a reply reaches you, if you apply by post, and also take into account the language difficulty. If you can write and read the language, so much the better. If you can only read it, mention this fact for it may speed up the reply. Not all Continentals are linguists.

On this point I think it is well to destroy the fallacy that everyone abroad speaks English! In some countries many people have a smattering, in a few English is the second language, but I am inclined to think like a friend of mine who said that if he ever went into a shop where a notice proclaimed that English was spoken he invariably found that the person who did the speaking was either away sick or on holiday. So, be prepared for a few hilarious and perhaps frustrating moments. There are many excellent cheap phrase books available, so get one and if you bring it home without ever having to use it, consider yourself lucky.

If the language is strange (and possibly I am thinking more of local dialects and patois than of phrase-book language) so is the food. I realise that there are now firms who will pack suitable English food and drink for people to take even on extended holidays but I am assuming that most of those who visit nudist resorts and the free beaches will look upon local food as a part of the "adventure". It can be that, and more! Many a holiday has been ruined by unwise and thoughtless ventures among the delicacies of a foreign cuisine. (This, obviously, is not a risk peculiar to nudists.) The answer is not, in my opinion, to carry packages of home



For all naturists

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foods, but to use a bit of common sense and, above all, not to over indulge. It is wise to prepare for trouble and take along one or other of the remedies procurable through any good chemist.

If the old ban on alcohol is still with us my next hint is an impertinence, but I have found that even those who would not think of drinking in a Sun Club at home do relax when they get abroad. Again, it is a matter of common sense, but it should be remembered that even an apparently innocuous light wine can have unpleasant after-effects.

This holiday abroad is usually made in search of novelty, peace and freedom, and I think it may be wise to consider the last of the three. In the resort and on the beaches you will find real freedom, subject to the rules of civilised behaviour of course. Each will have certain minimal regulations, all of them framed for the common good, and it is foolish in the extreme to ignore them and inexcusable not to find out about them. But it is unlikely that you will spend the whole of your holiday on the beaches or in the terrain of the resort. You will, no doubt, make visits to places outside, go shopping, possibly go out for meals or entertainment. Remember, always, that even if you are having a holiday in a "nudist world", the people and the authorities outside are likely to be prudish in the extreme and, if you place a foot wrong, hostile. Too many visitors from this country have made fools of themselves and have had to pay for it. There are places, in villages as well as in towns, where girls in beach-wear or less, and men wearing nothing but shorts, are pounced on. Also, be careful not to wander outside the limits of a free beach. Abroad, as at home, the anti-nudists are vigilant. I make no apology for another impertinence, but I do suggest and, indeed, beg

you not to "break loose". It does happen, even among normally courteous and well-behaved men and women. A party may indulge in a little playing around which is nothing worse than high spirits but which may annoy and offend the "natives". Such "freedom" may make things worse for other holiday-makers so, have a bit of sense.

What about the children? This is something I hesitate to tackle, for most parents resent any hint that they may not know better than anyone else how to care for their young families. And yet it does happen that the kids are left to their own devices, that they are allowed to get scorched - or chilled - and it is the children more than anyone who tend to get "tummy" troubles. So, when you make enquiries, try to find out whether the resort of your choice makes any provision for the kids and, if not, prepare your own plan of campaign. It may very well be exactly that if you are taking two or three small boys and girls abroad.

Finally, the routine matters which must be dealt with: passports, tickets - insurances - money. With the restrictions on taking money abroad you will have to budget carefully, and watch expenditure all the time. It may be humiliating when you mix with people from other countries who seem to have money to spend, but we have to face facts. And one fact is that if you run short of money before the end of the holiday you are in trouble. This applies, I feel, to the "loner" more than to the couple or the family. I understand that Consuls in Europe are very tired indeed of arranging the homeward fare for penniless adventurers!

Briefly, plan the trip, if you have a problem get it solved before you set out - have a bit of common sense - and then I am sure, you will make the best of it.

## ***Health and Efficiency*** **3'6 MONTHLY**

The best in  
British Naturism



*The wise naturist will always pack a mosquito repellent cream or liquid when visiting Agde.*





# ***The Naturalist Family Abroad***

By Gertrude Adams

There are many clubs where organisers make provision for entertainment. Our contributor adds a few suggestions from her own experience of keeping children entertained during a holiday abroad.

Most people would agree, I think, that a naturist club is not complete without its quota of children. This is a family movement and children are particularly welcome for it is in the early years that characters are formed.

It is hard to believe that a child brought up as a naturist will develop into a person haunted by frustrations and inhibitions as are so many today. There may be doubts and anxieties before joining when one is older but the child who is introduced to naturism when still quite young will accept it as entirely natural. For them there is no problem.

So far so good. Most of us know this and yet so often one finds little provision for the kiddies in the club activities. They are expected to amuse themselves and this is really asking too much. If they end up by interfering with adult pursuits or by getting into mischief we have only ourselves to blame.

Given a little sympathy and understanding children are easily pleased. They do not need expensive gadgets and one older member can keep a dozen or more happily entertained for hours with a minimum of ingenuity and forethought.

There are of course, many clubs where the organisers make adequate arrangements for the junior section by providing swings, sand-pits, splash pools, etc., and they are rewarded for their enterprise. The youngsters obviously have no complaints.

The fact remains that planning for the children demands a certain aptitude. Not all of us have this gift and probably for this reason it sometimes happens that they are left to their own devices. One sees perhaps a knot of adults with similar interests gathered in a group discussing among themselves, quite forgetful of their offspring who may not share the intimacy of their respective grown-ups.

Where families come together and are friends this problem will not arise but quite often people come from widely-spaced districts. They may have very different lives. The children need a liaison officer to break the ice and set the ball in motion.

Generally, this will involve no more than suggestions for a game, competition, or something of that sort and afterwards only an unobtrusive watchfulness will be necessary to see that nothing goes amiss.

Most children are sociably inclined. They will soon

assess the capabilities of their new playfellows and it will not be long before they will settle down together. But I always think it a little unkind to dump a child in the middle of a group and expect him or her to fit in at once, unless there is an older child who can be trusted to extend a welcome and make introductions.

I have myself kept a number of youngsters busily engaged for long spells by offering a small reward to the one who finds the biggest number of different leaves. The older ones can be encouraged to identify each by name. From this, they can advance by easy stages to recognise the trees or plants from which they came—their growth, usefulness, etc.

Flower specimens can be collected and pressed. This is something the children will join in with enthusiasm. Books on woodland trees, flowers and birds are easily obtainable and what a thrill they will get out of finding a comparatively rare wild flower among the undergrowth.

A dual purpose is served by organising games and entertainment for the children, and by planning a rota of adults who are prepared to act as leaders. Primarily, the children will get more pleasure from their day at the sun club, but perhaps equally important, there will be somebody at hand to take care of any mishap that may occur and to guard against overmuch sun.

On a hot day for instance, a quiet amusement in the shade of a tree is much better for tender skins than a ball game under a blazing sky.

Small children are never happier than when playing in sand and at a good many clubs a sizeable pit has been constructed for them by male members. Water is another great attraction and a shallow pool is always a winner, especially when one can splash about with nothing on.

But even with these innocent pastimes it is wiser not to leave supervision to chance and to avoid any possible incident a responsible adult should be responsible. Several people might take on an hour at a time. Whatever is done make sure the arrangements are clearly understood.

In all the years I have been a naturist I cannot remember having heard of any serious accident to a child. But on occasions I have witnessed sudden panics because children engrossed in their own concerns have failed to answer when called, or when a small child has appeared from the bushes in tears over scratches that could have been avoided.

If the club ground is surrounded by brambles and nettles (this being a good way to keep out intruders),



*Youngsters are sociable creatures and  
it doesn't take long for them to make friends.*





there should be some protection for the children.

Remember undergrowth to crawl under has a tremendous appeal. Turn it into a "Jungle Corner" by all means but see to it that they can come to no harm there. This kind of special reserve is an idea already provided at some camps and serves its purpose successfully.

A grass enclosure makes a good playground. If a certain area is fenced off it should not be difficult to clear thorns and sharp stones so that the children can play with bare feet. Swings and see-saws are popular and can often be picked up cheaply at a sale. Beach and gym balls cost very little and these all help to keep

the younger element occupied and exercise them too.

Some accommodation for babies will be appreciated by their mothers. A sheltered section can be set aside, adjacent to the club-house, where any special attention can be given. Somewhere they can be put to sleep where they will be undisturbed. Babies love to kick in the sun but this activity must be watched over. One mother or big sister might take care of several little ones at a time. Filtered sunshine is safer than direct rays, which should never fall on the child's uncovered head.

By looking after the children we build up happy memories that will never be forgotten. This is something well worth striving for.







*Upon one thing all naturist families  
agree - on holiday appetites are  
enormous.*

*And after the midday meal what is better  
than a pleasant laze in the afternoon sun.*





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